

THE SIXTH EDITION.

THE
LOUISIAD.

AN
HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO THE SECOND.

WITH AN ENGRAVING BY AN EMINENT ARTIST.

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

“ — *Qualis ab Incepto.* ” HORACE.

“As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and *ever shall* be, World without End.”

L O N D O N :

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[For a Catalogue, see the last Page.]

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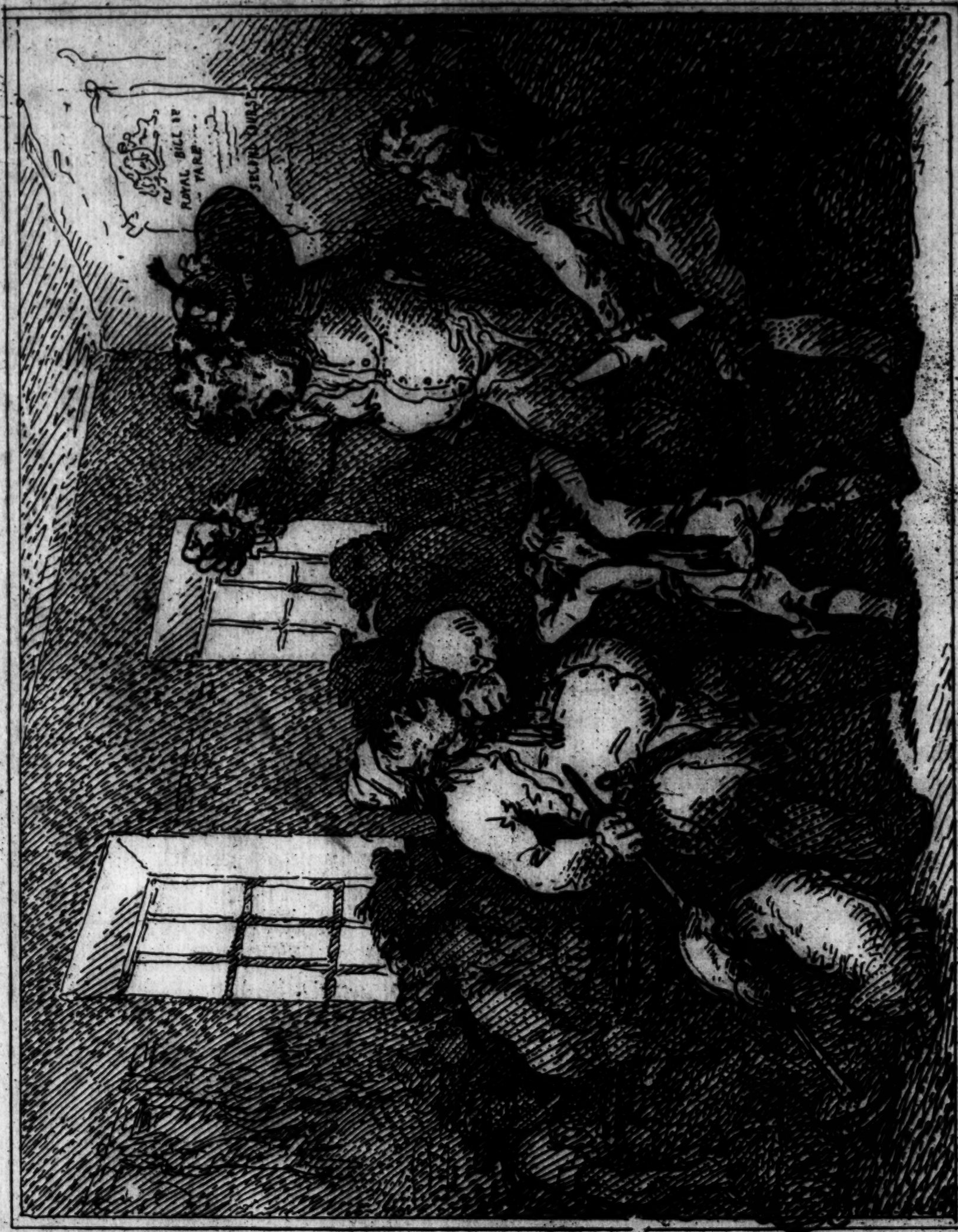
THE

A R G U M E N T.

INVOCATION to the Muses—Degeneracy of modern Poets—The ragged State of the Ladies of Parnassus—Sad Condition of Bards—Praise of Mr. West's great Picture of King Alexander and the Stag—More Invocation to the Muses—The Tricks of those Ladies—Their Impositions on Poets and Poetesses—A Compliment to King George and Dr. Herschell on their Intimacy with the Moon, and important Discoveries in that Planet—Invocation to Apollo—Invocation to Conscience—Conscience described—The great Powers of Conscience—More Invocation to Conscience—Truth and Falsehood, their Situations—More Invocation to Conscience—The Praise of Royal Oeconomy and an Hanoverian College—Address to Gottingen—More Invocation to Conscience—Mr. Hastings's Bulse, Mrs. Hastings's Bed and Cradle properly treated—More Words to Conscience—The fatal Power of Conscience over the late Mr. Yorke and Lord Clive—Address to Fame—A Request to the aforesaid Gentlewoman, instructing her how to dispose of some of her Trumpets—Description of her Pseudo-Votaries—The Bard blushing for the Quantity of Invocation—Procession of his Epic Poem—Madam Swellenberg described with a Plate of Ham—Account of her Birth, Parentage, and Education—Account of Pride—Madam Swellenberg's Visit to the King—His Majesty's most gracious Speech—Madam Swellenberg's Answer—Address to Readers on Ladies' swearing—Sir Francis Drake, the Steward of the Household, described—not to be confounded with the famous Sir Francis Drake, who died near 200 Years ago—The Perquisites of the present Sir Francis—Description of the Dining Room belonging to the Cooks at Buckingham House—The Entertainment and Utensils of this Room—Dixon, the Cook-Major's Speech—Story of a Nabob and a Beggar—Cook-Major Dixon's Speech in continuance—Speech of another Cook—The Cooks in the Dumps—The Cook-Major's Rejoinder to the Cook's Speech—A very sensible Speech—Conclusion with a beautiful Simile—The Petition of the Cooks.







— Here as staring Ajax, from his seat,
Uprose with Viage stem, the King of Mont. Can. 2.

L O U I S I A D.

C A N T O T H E S E C O N D.

NYMPHS of the sacred fount, around whose brink
Bards rush in droves, like cart horses, to drink;
Dip their dark beards amidst your streams so clear,
And whilst they gulp it, with it ale or beer;
Far more delighted to possess, I ween,
Old Calvert's brewhouse for their Hippocrene;
And blest with beef, their ghostly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chophouse their Aonian hill,
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the NINE,

Assist me—ye who themes sublime pursue,
 With scarce a shift, a stocking, or a shoe,
 Such pow'r have satires, epigrams, and odes,
 As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods
 As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail
 Their unsuccessful madrigals in jail,
 Where penn'd, like hapless cuckows, in a cage,
 The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage;
 Deck the damp walls with verse of various quality,
 And, from their prisons, mount to immortality.

Ah! tell me, where is now thy blush, O SHAME!
 Shall bards through *jails* explore the road to Fame;
 Like souls of Papists in their way to glory,
 Doom'd at the half-way house, call'd Purgatory,
 To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
 Like old tobacco pipes, from black to white?

Yet

Yet let me say again, that pow'rful rhyme
 Hath lifted poets to a state sublime;
 To lofty pill'ries rais'd their sacred ears
 High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
 Whose eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
 Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops:
 Blest State! that gives each fair exalted mien,
 To grace in print each monthly magazine;
 And deck the shops with sweet engravings drest,
 'Midst angels, finners, saints of Mr. West;
 Where brave King ALEXANDER and the DEER,
 A noble, bustling hodge-podge shall appear
 From that fam'd picture * which our wonder drew,
 And pour'd its brazen splendors on the view;
 Bright as the pictures that with glorious glare,
 On penthouse high, in Piccadilly stare,

* A whole acre of canvass so daub'd by colour as to give it the appearance of a brass foundery.

Where lions seem to roar, and tygers growl,
 Hyenas whine, and wolves in concert howl;
 And by their goggling eyes and furious grin,
 Inform what shaggy devils lodge within.

Ye NYMPHS who, fond of fun, full many a time,
 Mount on a jack-ass many a child of rhyme,
 And make him think, astride his braying hack,
 He moves sublime on Pegasus's back:
 Ye MUSES, oft by brainless poets fought
 To bid the stanza chime and swell with thought;
 Who, whelping for OBLIVION, fain would save
 Their whining puppies from the fullen wave;
 Assist me!—ye who visit towns and hovels,
 To teach our girls in bibs to eke out novels,
 And treat with scorn (far nobler knowledge studying)
 The humble art of making pye or pudding:

Who

Who make our Sapphos of their verses vain,
 And fancy all Parnassus in their brain;
 And 'midst the bustle of their lucubrations,
 Take downright madness for your inspirations;
 Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
 Who taste a rapture equal, GEORGE, to thine,
 When, blest at DATCHET, through thy HERSCHELL's glass,
 That brings from distant worlds a horse, an ass,
 A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,
 Shirts, stockings, blankets, that on hedges dry;
 Thine eyes, at evenings late and mornings soon,
 Unfated feast on wonders in the moon;
 Where Herschell on volcanos, mountains, pores,
 And happy Nature's true sublime explores;
 Whilst thou, so modest (wonderful to tell!)
 On LUNAR trifles art content to dwell,
 Flies, grasshoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckow spittle,
 In short, delighted with the world of little,

Which West shall paint, and grave Sir Joseph Banks
 Receive from thy historic mouth with thanks;
 Then bid the vermin on the journals* crawl,
 Hop, jump and flutter, to amuse us all.

And thou, great PATRON† of the double quill,
 That flays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,
 A pretty kind of double-barrell'd gun,
 More giv'n to tragedy than comic fun:
 Auspicious PATRON of the paunch and backs
 Of those all-daring rascals christ'ned quacks,
 To whom our purse and lives are legal plunder,
 Who, hawk-like, keep the human species under:

GOD of those gentlemen of jingling brains,
 Who, for *their own amusement*, print their strains,
 O aid, as lofty Homer says, my *nous*,
 To sing sublime the Monarch and the Louse!

* Of the Royal Society.

† Apollo.

Nymphs,

NYMPHS, PHOEBUS, in my *first* heroic chapter
 I should have pray'd for crumbs of tuneful rapture :
 Thus to forget my friends was not so clever ;
 But, says the proverb, " better *late* than *never* . "

Well ! since I'm in the invocation trade,
 To *Conscience* let my compliments be paid —

CONSCIENCE, a terrifying little sprite,
 That, bat-like, winks by day and wakes by night ;
 Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking vice,
 As sharp as weasels hunting eggs or mice ; —
 Who, when the light'nings flash, and thunders crack,
 Makes our hair bristle like a hedge-hog's back ;
 Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion ;
 Uplifts our faint-like eyes with dread devotion :
 Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with Heav'n,
 And promise miracles to be forgiv'n :
 Bids spectres rise, not very like the Graces,
 With goggling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces ;

With

With scenes of fires of glowing brimstone scares,
 Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares
 For roasting, broiling, frying, fricasseeing,
 The SOUL, that sad offending little *Being*:
 That stubborn stuff of salamander make,
 Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O CONSCIENCE! thou strait jacket of the soul,
 The madding fallies of the bard control;
 Who, when inclin'd, like brother bards, to lie,
 Bring TRUTH's neglected form before his eye,
 Fair MAID! to towns and courts a stranger grown,
 And now to rural swains almost unknown,
 Whose company was once their prudent choice;
 Who once delighted, list'ned to her voice;
 When in their hearts the *gentler* passion strove,
 And CONSTANCY went hand in hand with LOVE.
 Sweet TRUTH, who steals through lonely shades along,
 And mingles with the turtle's note her song;

Whilst

Whilst FALSEHOOD, rais'd by sycophantic tricks,
Unblushing flaunts it in a coach and fix.

CONSCIENCE, who bidst our Monarch from the nation,
Send sons to Gottingen for education,
Since hapless CAM and ISIS, lost to knowledge,
Are ideots to this Hanoverian college,
Where simple science beams with orient ray;
The great, the glorious ATHENS of the day!
So says the RULER of us English fools,
Who cannot judge like *him* of WISDOM's schools.

Dear attic Gottingen! to thee I bow,
Of Knowledge, O most wonderful milch cow!
From whom huge pails the royal boys shall bring,
And give, we hope, a little to the —
Through *Thee*, besides the knowledge they my reap,
The lads shall get their board and lodging cheap;

And learn, like their good parents, to subsist
 Within the limits of the Civil List;
 Who seldom bid a Minister implore
 A little farther pittance for the *poor*.

CONSCIENCE! who to the wonder of his SIRE,
 Bad'ft from his wonted state a PRINCE retire,
 And, like a subject, humbly seek the shade,
 That not a tradesman might remain unpaid:
 An action that the soul of envy stings—
 A deed unmention'd in the book of KINGS:

CONSCIENCE! who mad'ft a monarch by thy pow'r,
 Send pris'ner the fam'd *di'mond to the Tower;
 So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
 And impudently sought to bribe his GRACE:
 Where too the cradle and the bed shall rest,
 That on the same damn'd errand left the East—

* Such is the story of the late fly Bulle that stole into St. James's.

Thus fall of gems and pearl the treas'rous tribe,
And beds and cradles that would Monarchs bribe

CONSCIENCE! who mak'st our King (how very strange!)
Keep a fair drawer of halfpence to give change:

Resolv'd, (so strictly in his dealings true)
That none shall keep from CÆSAR, CÆSAR'S due.

CONSCIENCE! who now canst, like a cart horse, draw,
Now lifeless sinking, scarcely lift a straw:

So different are thy powers at diff'rent times,
Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes!

Thou! who at times canst like a lion roar
For one poor sixpence, yet, like NORTH, canst snore,

Though rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
And raging Hell with all his horrors rise:

Whose eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,
Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blast* a name.

O CON-

O CONSCIENCE! who didst bid to madness work,
 (So great thy pow'r!) the brain of hapless YORKE;
 And mad'st him cut from ear to ear his throat,
 That luckless spoil'd his patriotic note;
 Yet wantedst strength to force from his hard eye
 One drop—who *help'd* him to yon spangled sky;
 Whose damned prayers, feign'd tears, and tongue of art,
 Won on the weakness of his honest heart!
 Poor YORKE! without a stone whose reliques lie,
 Though VIRTUE mark'd the murder with a sigh!

O CONSCIENCE! who to CLIVE didst give the knife
 That, desp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life;
 Who, lawless plund'r'er! in his wild career,
 Whelm'd ASIA's eye with woe, and heart with fear;
 Whose wheels on carnage roll'd, and drench'd with blood,
 From gasping nature forc'd the blushing flood;
 Whilst HAVOCK, panting with triumphant breath,
 Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.

And

And now to thee, O lovely FAME, I bend;
 Let all thy trumpets this great work commend;
 Give one a-piece to all the learn'd Reviews,
 And bid them sound the labours of the Muse:
 Give to the Magazines a trumpet each,
 And let the swelling note to doomsday reach:
 To daily newspapers a trumpet give:
 Thus shall my epic strain for ever live:
 Thus shall my book descend to distant times,
 And rapt posterity resound my rhymes.
 By future BEAUTIES shall each tome be prest,
 And, like their lapdogs, live a parlour guest.

Thee, dearest FAME, some mercenaries hail,
 Merely to gain their labours a good sale;
 Or rise to fair preferment by thy tongue,
 Though deaf as adders to thy charms of song:
 Just as the hypocrites say pray'rs, sing psalms,
 Bestow upon the blind, and cripple, alms;

Yield glory to the Pow'r who rules above,
 Not from a principle of heav'nly love,
 But,—sneaking rascals,—to obtain—when dead—
 A comfortable lodging over head,
 When forc'd by age, or doctors, or their spouses,
 The vagrants quit their sublunary houses.

With tiresome invocation having done,
 At length our glorious Epic may go on—
 Lo! Madam SWELLENBERG, inclin'd to *cram*,
 Was wond'rous busy o'er a plate of ham:
 A ham that once adorn'd a German pig,
 Rough as a bear, and as a jack-ass big;
 In woods of *Westphaly* by hunters smitten,
 And sent a present to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muses, say
 Somewhat of Madam SWELLENBERG, I pray:
 If ancient poets mention but a horse,
 We read his genealogy of course:

O say,

O say, shall horses boast the deathless line,
And o'er a LADY's lineage sleep the Nine?

By virtue of her father and her mother;
This woman saw the light without much pother;
That is, — no grand commotion shook our earth; —
Apollo danc'd no hornpipe at her birth,
To say to what perfection she was born;
What wit, what wisdom, should the nymph adorn:
No bees around her lips in clusters hung,
To tell the future sweetness of her tongue:
Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove,
To mark the soul of innocence and love:
No smiling Cupids round her cradle play'd,
To show the future conquests of the maid;
Whose charms would make the jealous sex her foes,
And with their lightnings blast a thousand beaus.
Indeed the Muse must own a trifling pother
Sprung up between the father and the mother;

For, after taking methods how to gain her,
 They knew not how the devil to maintain her.

Heav'ns! what no prodigy attend HER birth,
 Who awes the greatest palace upon earth?
 Yes!—a black cat around the bantling squawl'd,
 Join'd its young cries, and all the house appall'd:
 Now here, now there, he sprung with visage wild,
 And made a bold attempt to kiss the child:
 Bats pour'd, in hideous hots, into the room,
 And, imp-like, flitting, form'd a sudden gloom;
 Then to the cradle rush'd the dark'ning throng,
 And, raptur'd, shriek'd congratulating song;
 Which song, in concert with the squawls of puss,
 Seem'd, in plain German, "*Thou art one of us.*"
 In Strelitz first this dame the light espy'd,
 Born to a good inheritance of pride;
 For howe'er paradoxical it be,
 PRIDE pigs with people of a low degree,

As well as with your folks of fortune, struts;
 Like rats that live in palaces or huts;
 Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
 That dwell in beds of straw, or beds of state;
 Or monkies vile, whose tooth inglorious grapples,
 Now with ananas, now with rotten apples.
 Hail, PROTEUS PRIDE, whose various pow'rs of throat
 Can swell the trumpet's loud and saucy note;
 And if a meaner air can serve thy turn,
 In panting, quiv'ring sounds of Jews-harps, mourn!
 Hail, PRIDE, companion of the great and little,
 So abject who canst lick a patron's spittle;
 Whine like a sneaking puppy at his door,
 And turn the hind part of thy wig before;
 Nay, if he orders, turn it inside out,
 And wear it, Merry Andrew like, about;
 Heed not the grinning world a single rush,
 But bear its pointed scorn without a blush.

Yet fain wou'dst thou the crouching world bestride,
 Just like the RHODIAN BULLY o'er the tide;
 The brazen wonder of the world of yore,
 That proudly stretch'd his legs from shore to shore,
 And saw of Greece the loftiest navy travel,
 With dread submission, underneath his navel.

So much for Pride—great, little, humble, vain;
 And now for Madam SWELLENBERG again.

Whether the nymph could ever boast a grace,
 That deign'd to pay a visit to her face,
 The MUSE is ignorant, she must allow;
 Yet knows this truth, that not one sparkles *now*.
 If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
 Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their dwelling.
 This nymph a mantuamaker was, I ween,
 And priz'd for cheapness by our saving Queen,

Who

Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money?)
Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,
And plac'd her in a most important sphere—

INSPECTRESS GENERAL of the Royal Geer.

Soon as this woman heard the Louse's tale,
At once she turn'd, like walls of plaster, pale.
But first the ham of *Westphaly* she gobbl'd,
And then to seek the LORDS ANOINTED, hobbl'd.
HIM full of wrath, like Peleus' son of yore,
When Agamemnon took away his wh---,
In all the bitterness of wrath, she found;
The Queen and Royal Children staring round.

“ O *Swelly*, ”---thus the madden'd Monarch roar'd,
Whilst wild impatience wing'd the rapid word;
For lo! the *solemn* march of graceful speech,
The KING long since had bid to kiss his b---h.

The

The broken language that his mouth affords
 Are heads and tails, and legs and wings, of words,
 That give imagination's laughing eye
 A lively picture of a giblet pye.

"O Swelly, Swelly," cry'd the furious King,

"What! what a dirty, filthy, nasty thing!

"That thus you come to ease my angry mind,

"Indeed is very, very, very, very kind.

"What's your opinion, hæ?" the Monarch rav'd—

"Yes, yes, the cooks shall every one be shav'd—

"What! what! hæ! hæ! now tell me, Swelly, pray—

"Shan't I be right in't---What! what! Swelly, hæ?

"Yes, yes, I'm sure on't, by the Louse's looks,

"That he belong'd to some-one of the cooks---

"Speak, Swelly; shan't we shave each filthy joul?---

"Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my soul."

To

To whom the DAME, with elevated chin,
Wide-staring eyes, and broad contemptuous grin;

- “ Yes, fure as dat my soul is to be sav’d,
“ So fure de dirty rascals sal be shav’d —
“ Shav’d to de quick be ev’ry moder’s son —
“ And curse me if I do not see it done :
“ De barbers soon der nasty locks sal fall on,
“ Nor leave one standing for a louse to crawl on.
“ If on der skulls de razor do not shine,
“ May gowns and petticoats no more be mine —
“ Curls, clubs, and pigtails, all sal go to pot,
“ For fush curs’d nastiness, or I’ll be rot ;
“ Or else to Strelitz let me quickly fly,
“ Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouse to de eye ;
“ Where from his own mock trone de Prince so great,
“ Can jump into anoder Prince estate —
“ Yes, by de God dat made dis eart and me,
“ No single lousy rascal sal go free.”

Reader, thou raisest both thy marv'ling eyes,
 In all the staring wildness of surprise;
 As if the poet did not truth revere,
 And fanciest *gentlewomen* could not swear:
 Go, fool, and seek the ladies of the mud,
 Queens of the lakes, or damsels of the flood;
 Nymphs, Nereids, or what vulgar tongues call drabs,
 Who vend at Billingsgate their sprats and crabs;
 Tell them their fish all stink, and thou wilt hear
 Whether that *gentlewomen* ever swear:
 Nay, visit many of our courtly dames,
 When wrath their dove-like gentleness inflames;
 Lo! thou shalt find, by many a naughty word,
 'They use small ceremony with the Lord,
 In spite of all that godly books contain,
 That teach them not to take his name in vain.
 "Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks," the KING reply'd,
 "Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.

" Yes,

“ Yes, yes, if I am master of this house ;

“ Yes, yes, the locks shall fall, and then the louse.”

He spoke—and to confirm the dreadful doom,

His head he shook, that shook the dining room.

Thus JOVE of old, the dread, the THUND'RING GOD,

Shook, when he swore, OLYMPUS with his nod.

“ Yes, (cry'd the KING)—Yes, yes, their curls shall quake ;

“ But tell me, where, where, where's Sir FRANCIS DRAKE ?”

O, Reader, think not 'twas that DRAKE, Sir FRANCIS,

Whose wond'rous actions seem almost romances ;

Who shone in sense profound, and bloodiest wars,

And rais'd the Nation's glory to the stars :

Who first in triumph sail'd around the world,

And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurl'd :

But HE who sculks around the Royal kitchen,

Which, if he catch a neighbour's dog or bitch in,

Lets:

Lets fly, to strike the four-legg'd mumper dead,

A poker, or a cleaver, at his head.

Not *that* Sir FRANCIS DRAKE who, god-like, bore

Fair Freedom, Science to th' Atlantic shore :

To Pagans gave the Gospel's saving grace,

And planted Virtue 'midst a barb'rous race ;

Spread on the dark'ned realms the blaze of light—

But *he* who sees the spoons and plates are bright ;

Sees that the knives before the King and Queen

Are, like the pair of Royal stomachs, *keen* :

Not *he*, whose martial frown whole kingdoms shook,

But he whose low'ring visage shakes a cook ;

Not he who pour'd on Mexico his tars,

But he, at *London*, who with *linen* wars :

Napkins and damask table cloths assails

With scissars, razors, knives, and teeth and nails ;

Who dares with Doylies desp'rate war to wage,

Such is *his* province and domestic rage,

If,

If, like his predecessors, he hath grace,
 And calls his conquests, *perquisites of place* —
 'Twas not that DRAKE who bade his daring crew
 Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through;
 But that important DRAKE, in office big,
 Instructing cooks to spit a goose or pig:
 Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the nose,
 And prisons fill'd with Britain's graceless foes;
 But he who bids the geese, his pris'ners, die,
 And stuffs their legs and gizzards in a pie:
 He who, three times a week, a green-cloth Lord,
 Sits, Wisdom-fraught, at that important board
 With wise compeers, in Judge-like order studying,
 Whether the KING shall have a tart or pudding.
 'Twas *this* Sir FRANCIS, quite a diff'rent man
 From him who round the world with glory ran:
 Forbid it, Heav'n! that e'er the MUSE, untrue,
 Should give to any man, another's due!

H

MUSE,

MUSE, leave we now the Monarch, vengeance brewing,
To take a peep at what the Cooks were doing.

In that snug room*, the scene of shrewd remark,
Whose window stares upon the saunt'ring park;
Where many a hungry bard, and gambling sinner,
In chop-fall'n sadness, counts the trees for dinner:
In that snug room where any man of spunk
Would find it a hard matter to get † drunk;
Where coy Tokay ne'er feels a cook's embraces,
Nor Port nor Claret show their rosy faces;
But where old Adam's beverage flows with pride,
From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide;
Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl and fish,
All club their joints to make one *handsome* dish:

* The Larder.

† This will be deemed strange by my country readers—but it is nevertheless true

Where

Where stewpan covers serve for plates, I ween,
 And knives and forks and spoons are never seen;
 Where pepper issues from a paper bag,
 And for a cruet stands a brandy cag:
 Where Madam SWELLENBERG too often sits
 Like some old tabby in her mousing fits,
 Demurely squinting with majestic mien,
 To catch some fault to carry to the QUEEN:

In that snug room, like those immortal Greeks,
 Of whom, in book the thirteenth, OVID speaks,
 Around the table, all with sulky looks,
 Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, sat the COOKS.
 At length, with phiz that show'd the man of woes,
 The forrowing King of spits and stewpans rose;
 Like PAUL at Athens, very justly sainted,
 And by the charming brush of Raphael painted,
 With outstretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
 He fearless thus harangues the ROASTING RACE;

Whilst

Whilst gaping round, in mute attention sit

The poor forlorn disciples of the spit:

“ Cooks, scullions, hear me ev’ry mother’s son—

“ Know that I relish not this Royal fun:

“ GEORGE thinks us scarcely fit (’tis very clear)

“ To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear”——

“ Guts to a bear!” the Cooks, upspringing, cry’d—

“ Guts to a bear,” the Major loud reply’d.——

“ Guts to the devil!” roar’d the Cooks again,

And toss’d their noses high, in proud disdain:

The plain translation of whose pointed noses

The reader needeth not, the bard supposes:

But if the reason some dull reader looks,

’Tis this---whatever Kings may think of Cooks,

Howe’er crown’d heads may deem them low-born things,

Cooks are possess’d of souls as well as *Kings*.

Yet are there some who think (but what a shame!)

Poor people’s souls like pence of Birmingham,

Adulterated

Adulterated brags---base stuff---abhorr'd---
 That never can pass current with the LORD;
 And think, because of wealth they boast a store,
 With ev'ry freedom they may treat the *poor*:
 Witness the story that my Muse, with tears,
 Relates, O Reader, to thy shrinking ears:

With feeble voice and deep desponding sighs,
 With fallow cheek and pity-asking eyes,
 A wretch, by age and poverty decay'd,
 For farthings lately to a NABOB pray'd:
 The NABOB, turkey-like, began to swell,
 And damn'd the beggar to the pit of hell.——

“ Oh ! Sir,” the Suppliant was heard to cry,
 (The tear of mis'ry trickling from his eye)

“ Though I'm in rags, and wondrous, wondrous poor,

“ And *you* with gold and silver cover'd o'er,

“ There won't in heav'n such difference take place,

“ When we before the LORD come face to face.”

" You face to face with me ! " the NABOB cry'd,

In all the insolence of upstart pride :

" You face to face with me, you dog, appear !

" Damme I'll kick you, if I catch you there. " —

Oh, shocking blasphemy ! oh, horrid speech !

Where was the fellow born ? — the wicked wretch ! —

So black an imp would pull, I do suppose,

A bulse of di'monds from a BEGUM's nose ;

Or make, like DOULAH, careless of his soul,

A new edition of the old Black Hole.

" What's life," the Major said, " my brethren, pray,

" If force must snatch our first delights away ?

" Relentless shall the Royal mandate drag

" The hairs that long have grac'd this filken bag ?

" Hairs to a barber scarcely worth a fig,

" Too few to make a foretop for a wig :

" Must razors vile these locks, so scanty, shave,

" Locks that I wish to carry to my grave ;

" Hairs,

" Hairs, look, my lads, so wonderfully thin —

" Old SWELLENBERG hath more upon her chin? —

" Yes, that she hath," exclaim'd a Cook, " by G-d,

" A damn'd old German good-for-nothing toad —

" Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely bristles —

" Curse me, I'd rather kiss a bunch of thistles —

" Oh! were it but His Majesty's commands

" To give her gentle jawbones to these hands,

" I'd shave her, like a punish'd soldier, *dry* —

" No killing sow should make a sweeter cry —

" I'd pay my compliments to Madam's chin —

" I'll answer for't I'd make the devil grin —

" The razor most deliciously should work —

" I'd trim her muzzle — yes, I'd scrape her pork —

" I'd teach her to some purpose to behave,

" And show the witch the nature of a shave —

" Oh! woman, woman! whether lean or fat,

" In face an *angel*, but in soul a *cat*." —

He:

He ended—when each mouth upon the stretch,
 Crown'd with a loud horse-laugh the classic speech,
 Too soon, alas! resentment seiz'd the hour,
 And JOKE resign'd his grin-provoking pow'r;
 RAGE dimm'd of mirth the sudden sunny sky,
 And fill'd with gloomy oaths each scowling eye:
 Whilst GRIEF, returning, took her turn to reign,
 Sunk every heart, and sadden'd ev'ry mien:
 Drew from their giddy heights the laughing graces—
 For much is grief dispos'd to bring down faces.

“ Son of the spit,” the Major, strutting, cry'd,
 “ I like thy spirit, and revere thy pride:
 “ I'd rather hear thee than a Bishop preach,
 “ For thou hast made a very pretty speech.
 “ Such is the language that the gods should hear,
 “ And such should thunder on the Royal ear.

“ Yet

- “ Yet, son of dripping, though thou speak’st my notions,
 “ We must not be too nimble in our motions —
 “ Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt;
 “ Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make good malt.
 “ And yet again I bid you stand like rocks,
 “ And battle for the honour of your locks.
 “ Lo! in these aged hairs is all my joy—
 “ To shave them, is my *being* to destroy.
 “ What’s life, if life has not a bliss to give—
 “ And if unhappy, who would wish to live?
 “ CONTENT can visit the poor spider’d room,
 “ Pleas’d with the coarse rush mat and birchen broom;
 “ Where parents, children, feast on oaten bread,
 “ With cheeks as round as apples, and as red;
 “ Where health with vigour nerves their backs and hams,
 “ Sweet souls, though ragged as young colts or rams;
 “ Where calmly sleep the parents with their darlings,
 “ Though nibbl’d by the fleas as thick as starlings;

" Lull'd to their rest, beneath the coarsest rugs,

" Dead to the bitings of a thousand bugs,

" **CONTENT**, mild maid! delights in *simple* things,

" And envies not the state of Queens or Kings :

" Can dine on sheep's head, or a dish of broth,

" Without a table, or a table cloth ;

" Nor wishes, with the fashionable group,

" To visit HORTON'S shop for turtle soup :

" Can use a bit of packthread for a jack,

" And sit upon a chair without a back :

" Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,

" And use a wooden skewer for a fork.

" Sweet maid! who thinks not shoes of leather shocking,

" Nor feels the horrors in a worsted stocking :

" Her temper mild, no huckaback can shock,

" Though for her lovely limbs it forms a smock :

" Pleas'd with the nat'ral curls her face that shade,

" No graves are robb'd for hair to make a braid :

" Her

- " Her breast of native plumpness ne'er aspires
 " To swelling *merry thoughts* of gauze and wires,
 " To look like crops of ducks, (with labour born)
 " Stretch'd by a superfluity of corn.
 " With nature's hips, she sighs not for *cork rumps*,
 " And scorns the pride of pinching stays or jumps :
 " But pleas'd from whalebone prisons to escape,
 " She trusts to simple nature for a shape :
 " Without a warmingpan can go to bed---
 " And wrap her petticoat about her head ;
 " Nor sigh for cobweb caps of Mecklin lace,
 " That shade of quality the varnish'd face :
 " Sweet nymph, like doves, she seeks her straw-built nest,
 " And in a pair of minutes is undrest ;
 " Whilst all the *fashionable* female clans,
 " Undressing, seem unloading caravans.
 " No matter from what source Contentment springs ;
 " 'Tis just the same in Cooks as 'tis in Kings ;

" And

" And if our souls are set upon our hair,
 " Let snip-snap barbers, nay, let *Kings*, beware,
 " Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John Bulls,
 " And clap, like fools, the edge-tools to our skulls.
 " Tread on a worm, he shows his rage and pain,
 " By turning on the wounding toe again :
 " Nay, ev'n *inanimates* appear to feel——
 " On the loose *stone*, if chance direct your heel,
 " Lo! from its womb the sudden stream ascends,
 " To prove the foot was not among its friends ;
 " And calling in the aid of neighbour mud,
 " O'er the fair stocking spouts the fable flood."

 " So spoke the Major, with resentment fir'd——
 " Spoke like a man---indeed like man *inspir'd*!——
 " Some critic cries, with sharp, fastidious look,
 " Bard, bard, this is not language for a Cook."---
 " O snarler! but I'll lay thee any wager,
 " It is not too sublime for a *Cook Major*."---
 " Behold!

" Behold ! to remedy our sad condition,"
The Major cry'd, " I've cook'd up a Petition :

" This carries weight with it, or I'm mistaken :

" Shall shake the Monarch's soul, and save our bacon."—

Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud

He read sonorous to the gaping croud.

Thus reads a parish clerk, in church, a brief,
That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief :---

Relief, alas ! that very rarely reaches

The poor petitioners, the ruin'd wretches :

But (lost its way) unfortunately steers

To fat Churchwardens and fat Overseers ;

Improves each dish, augments the punch and ale,

And adds new spirit to the smutty tale.

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THE

THE PETITION OF THE COOKS.

YOUR Majesty's firm Friends and faithful cooks,
 Who in your Palace merry liv'd as grigs,
 Have heard, with heavy hearts and down-cast looks,
 That we must all be shav'd, and put on wigs :
You, SIRE, who with such honour wear your Crown,
 Should never bring on *ours* disgraces down.

Dread Sir ! we really deem our heads our own,
 With ev'ry sprig of hair that on them springs---
 In France, where men like spaniels lick the Throne,
 And count it glory to be cuff'd by Kings,
Their locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque*,
 Who swallows privileges like a shark.

Be pleas'd to pardon what we now advance---
 We dare your Sacred Majesty assure,
 'That there's a difference 'twixt *us* and *France* ;
 And *long*, we hope, that *difference* we'll endure.
 We know KING LEWIS wou'd, with pow'r so dread,
 Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head*.

Oh!

Oh! tell us, Sir, in loyalty so true,

What dire designing raggamuffins said,

That we your Cooks are such a nasty crew,

Great Sir! as to have crawlers in our head?

My Liege, you can't find one through all our house—

Not if you'd give a guinea for a louse.

What creature 'twas you found upon your plate,

We know not---if a louse, it was not ours—

To shave each Cook's poor unoffending pate,

Betrays too much of arbitrary pow'rs—

The act humanity and justice shocks—

Let him who *owns* the crawler lose his locks.

But grant upon your plate this louse, so dread,

How can you say, Sir, it belongs to *us*? —

Maggots are found in many a princely head;

And if a maggot, why then not a louse?

Nay, grant the fact—with horror should you shrink?

It could not eat Your Majesty, we think.

Hunger,

Hunger, my Liege, hath oft been felt by Kings,

As well as people of *inferior state*——

Quarrels with Cooks are therefore dangerous things :—

We cannot answer for your stomach's fate :

For by your size we frankly must declare,

You feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

My Liege, an Universe hath been your foes :

The times have look'd most miserably black——

America hath *try'd* to pull your nose----

French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *try'd* to bang your back :

'Twould be a serious matter, we can tell ye,

Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*.

You see the spirit of your Cooks then, Sire---

Determin'd nobly to support their locks ;

And should your Guards be order'd out to fire,

Their guns may be oppos'd by spits and crocks :

Knives, forks, and spoons, may fly, with plates a store,

And all the thunder of the kitchen roar.

NAT. GARDNER, Yeoman of the Mouth, declares

He'll join the standard of your injur'd Cooks —
Each Scullion, Turnbroche, for redress prepares,

And puts on very formidable looks :
Your women too, — *imprimis*, Mrs. DYER,
Whose eggs are good as ever felt a fire :

Next, Sweeper-general BICKLEY, Mrs. MARY,

With that fam'd bell-ringer call'd Mrs. LOMAN —
ANN SPENCER, Guardian of the Necessary —

That is to say, the necessary woman —
All these, an't please you, Sir, so fierce, determine
To join us in the cause of hair and vermine.

There's Mistress STEWART — Mr. RICHARD DAY,

Who find your Sacred Majesty in linen —
Are ready to support us in our fray —

You can't conceive the passion they have been in —
They swear so much your scheme of shaving hurts,
You shan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or shirts.

The grocers, CLARKE and TAYLOR, curse the scheme,

And say, whate'er we do, the world won't blame us—

So COMBER says, who gives you milk and cream—

And thus your old friend, Mr. LEWIS RAMUS.

We think your Sacred Majesty would matter

At loss of sugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

Suppose, an't please you, Sir, that Mistress KNUTTON

And Mistress MAISHFIELD, fierce as tyger cats;

One Overseer of all the beef and mutton,

The other Lady President of sprats—

Suppose, in opposition to your wish,

This locks away the flesh, and *that* the fish?

Suppose JOHN CLARKE refuse supplies of mustard,

So necessary to your beef and bacon?

WILL ROBERTS all the apple-pie and custard,

Your Majesty would growl, or we're mistaken—

Suppose that WELLS, a stubborn temper, studying,

Should take the plums off from the Sunday pudding?

Suppose

Suppose that RAINSFORTH with our *corps* unites?—

We mean the man who all the tallow handles—

Suppose he, daring, locks up all the lights—

How could Your Majesty contrive for candles?

You'd be (excuse the freedom of remark)

Like *some* Administrations—in the dark.

We dare assure you that our grief is great—

And oft indeed our feelings it enrages,

To see your Sacred Majesty beset

By such a graceless gang of idle pages—

And with submission to your judgement, Sire,

We think old Madam SWELLENBERG a liar.

Suppose, GREAT SIR, that by your cruel *fiat*,

The barbers should attack our humble head,

And that we should not chuse to breed a riot,

Because we might not wish to lose our bread;

Say, would the triumph o'er each harmless Cook

Make GEORGE THE THIRD like ALEXANDER look?

Dread

Dread Sir, reflect on JOHNNY WILKES's fate,
 Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble —
 WILKES bade defiance to your frowns and state,
 And got the better in that famous squabble:
 Poor was the victory you wish'd to win,
 That sat the mouth of EUROPE on the grin.

O KING, our wives are in the kitchen roaring,
 All ready in rebellion now to rise —
 They mock our humble method of imploring,
 And bid us guard against a wig-surprise:
 “ Yours is the hair (they cry) th’ Almighty gave ye,
 “ And not a King in Christendom should shave ye.”

Lo! on th’ event the world impatient looks,
 And thinks the joke is carry’d much too far —
 Then, pray, Sir, listen to your faithful Cooks,
 Nor in the Palace breed a civil war:
 Loud roars our band, and, obstinate as pigs,
 Cry, “ Locks and liberty, and damn the wigs.”

THE END.

